THE TEARS OF *AMARYLLIS* FOR *AMYNTAS*.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the DEATH of

The late Lord Marquiſs of *BLANFORD*.

Inſcrib'd to the

Right Honourable the Lord *GODOLPHIN*,

Lord High-Treaſurer of *England*.

By Mr. *CONGREVE*.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fetus———
———*miſerabile Carmen*
Integrat, & mœſtis late loca quæſtibus implet.
Virg. Geor. 4.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn Gate* next *Grays-Inn Lane*, 1703.

THE TEARS OF AMARILLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A

PASTORAL.

Lamenting the DEATH of

The late Lord Marquis of BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the

Right Honourable Lord GODOLPHIN,

Lord High [illegible] of England.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amissos queritur fœtus ——
—— miserabile Carmen
Integrat, & mœstis late loca questibus implet.
Virg. Geor. 4.

LONDON

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane, 1703.

To the READER.

THESE Verſes had been Printed ſoon after they were written, if they had not been deſign'd rather privately to Condole, than publickly to Lament; for it is not pretended that they are in any kind equal to the Subject. But, by ſome Accident, many Copies of 'em have been diſperſed, and one, I was informed, had been ſhewn to a Bookſeller. So that it was high time for me to prevent their appearing with more Faults than their own, which might probably have met with Encreaſe, if not from the Malice or Ignorance, at leaſt from the Careleſsneſs of an under-hand Publiſher.

I have particularly Reaſon at this time to apprehend the diſingenuous Proceeding of ſome ſuch Perſon, having lately ſeen ſome Verſes Printed, and Intitled A Satyr againſt Love, Reviſed and Corrected by Mr. *Congreve; who does aſſure the Reader he never ſaw or heard of any ſuch Verſes before they were ſo Printed,* VIZ. *without either the Name of the Author, Bookſeller or Printer, being Publiſh'd after the manner of a Libel.*

THE TEARS OF *AMARYLLIS* FOR *AMYNTAS*. A PASTORAL.

'TWAS at the Time, when new returning Light,
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;
When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,
And from their fleecy Sides first shake the silver Dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, Heav'nly Fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Deſpair,
Forſook her Myrtle Bow'r and Roſie Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead.
Who had a Heart ſo hard, that heard her Cries
And did not weep? Who ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Tygers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,
And dumb Diſtreſs and new Compaſſion ſhew,
As taught by her to taſte of Human Woe.
Nature her ſelf attentive Silence kept,
And Motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing Sun reſtrain'd his fiery Courſe,
And rapid Rivers liſten'd at their Source;
Ev'n Eccho fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Leſt Repetition ſhould her Accents drown;
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiſeleſs Trees;
As if the gentle *Zephyr* had been dead,
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.
No Voice, no whiſp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguiſh could expreſs,
All other Mourning would have made it leſs.

Hear me, ſhe cry'd, ye Nymphs and Silvan Gods,
Inhabitants of theſe once lov'd Abodes;

Hear my Diſtreſs, and lend a pitying Ear,
Hear my Complaint—— you would not hear my Pray'r;
The Loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.

Have I not Cauſe, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou Sun that round the World doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another Loſs like mine?
Ye Winds, who on your Wings ſad Accents bear,
And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore
Such weight of Woe, ſuch deadly Sighs before?
Tell me, thou Earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading Baſe
The wretched Load is laid of Human Race,
Doſt thou not feel thy ſelf with me oppreſt?
Lie all the Dead ſo heavy on thy Breaſt?
When hoary Winter on thy ſhrinking Head
His Icy, Cold, depreſſing Hand has laid,
Haſt thou not felt leſs Chilneſs in thy Veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains;
But why to thee do I relate my Woe,
Thou cruel Earth, my moſt remorſeleſs Foe?
Within whoſe darkſome Womb the Grave is made,
Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid.

What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head
Eternal Winter ſhould his Horror ſhed?
Tho' all thy Nerves were numm'd with endleſs Froſt,
And all thy Hopes of future Spring were loſt;
To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?
Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring reſtor'd?
Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,
Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never!——Say then, rigid Earth,
What is to me thy everlaſting Dearth?
Tho' never Flow'r again its Head ſhould rear,
Tho' never Tree again ſhould Bloſſom bear;
Tho' never Graſs ſhould cloath the naked Ground,
Nor ever healing Plant or wholeſome Herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their Want;
Nor wholeſome Herb was found, nor healing Plant,
To eaſe *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the Valleys, Hills and Plains;
But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous Weeds diſtilling deadly Dew.
And if ſome naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly Bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,
A ſhrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.
Witneſs to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,
Who at the Prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.

Well I remember what ſad Signs ye made,
What Show'rs of unavailing Tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſie Cave,
When the laſt Gaſp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
And ſudden Night o'erſpread the darken'd Skies;
Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires appear'd,
And Skreams of ill-preſaging Birds were heard.
The Foreſt ſhook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
And frighted Streams their wonted Channels left;
With frantick Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,
Where many a Herd and harmleſs Swain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft;
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,
And to my Griefs a more defenceleſs Prey.
For thee, *Amyntas*, all theſe Pains were born,
For thee theſe Hands were wrung, theſe Hairs were torn;
For thee my Soul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave.
To mourn thy Fall I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endleſs Night:
For thou were Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good and Young?
The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue?

Did ever Branch ſo ſweet a Bloſſom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever Youth ſo far his Years tranſcend?
Did ever Life ſo immaturely end!
For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
And ev'ry Muſe prepar'd thy future Praiſe.
For thee the buſie Nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry Grove,
And Myrtle Wreaths and Flow'ry Chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal Change! the tuneful Throng
To loud Lamentings turn the chearful Song.
Their pleaſing Task the weeping Virgins leave,
And with unfiniſh'd Garlands ſtrew thy Grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to Earth, deſpair, and die.

This ſaid, her loud Complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of Grief her faultring Speech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the Ground her colder Limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her ſwimming Eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly falling Rain a Silver Show'r;
Her looſely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-ſpread the dewy Graſs like Streams of Light.
As if the Sun had of his Beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to Earth the Glories he had worn.

A Sight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep Diſtreſs
No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can expreſs.

And now the Winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling Air with Sighs to fill;
The Water-Nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when deſcending Rains
Roll the ſteep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Eccho multiply'd each mournful Sound.

When all at once an univerſal Pauſe
Of Grief was made, as from ſome ſecret Cauſe.
The Balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping Tree had Gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich Perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from *Amyntas*'s Tomb;
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy Pile were new expir'd.

And now the Turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing Green; And

And *Amaryllis* ſaw, with wond'ring Eyes,
A flow'ry Bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had ſhed,
The blowing Buds advanc'd their Purple Head;
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew,
And thence their Sweetneſs came, and thence their mournful
(Hew.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,
When Solitude ye ſeek in gloomy Shades;
Or walk on Banks where ſilent Waters flow,
For there this lonely Flow'r will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the Stalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy Necks their Sweets you wear,
Give a ſoft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful Grave, where firſt they grew.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 OCT 26

FINIS.